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AN OLD-TIME AMERICAN.

JOHN H. STARIN is dead at the age of eighty-three. He will be buried to-morrow in the old Starin homestead, at Fultonville, Montgomery County.

Everybody who ever went to Glen Island knew of Mr. Starin at least by name. He owned more steamboats than any other man in New York. He was the first to carry freight cars on floats. At one time he had a shipyard of his own at Staten Island, and built his own boats. In the Civil War he transported supplies to the army.

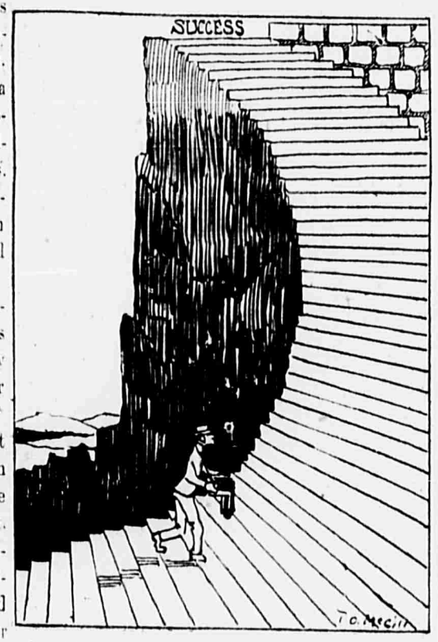
The well-known excursion barges were devised by Mr. Starin. Through them hundreds of thousands of women and children have had needed summer holidays. Over all these boats floated the flag with the white star, his trade mark, a pictorial way of telling who owned them.

The story of Mr. Starin's life should be read by every schoolboy, especially boys of foreign birth or foreign parentage, whose knowledge of how boys rose sixty and seventy years ago needs to be refreshed.

The first Starin, a Dutch immigrant, came to New York 200 years ago, when the voyage took weeks, in a little sailing ship, and ship sickness depleted the passenger list. This Starin did not stay in New York long, but went to farming up the Hudson. Successive generations of Starins pushed further West into the Mohawk Valley, named after the Mohawk tribe of Indians, who made the first settlers fight for both their farms and their scalps, where the Erie Canal now runs, near the New York Central and West Shore Railroads. The Mohawk itself flows into the Hudson near Troy.

Myndert Starin settled in Montgomery County, where he founded a little village called Fultonville, after Robert Fulton, whose invention of the steamboat was then recent.

When he was a boy John Henry Starin worked at pretty much of everything. He peddled horse powders and was clerk in a drug store before he came to New York in 1856 to be one of Commodore Vanderbilt's freight clerks.



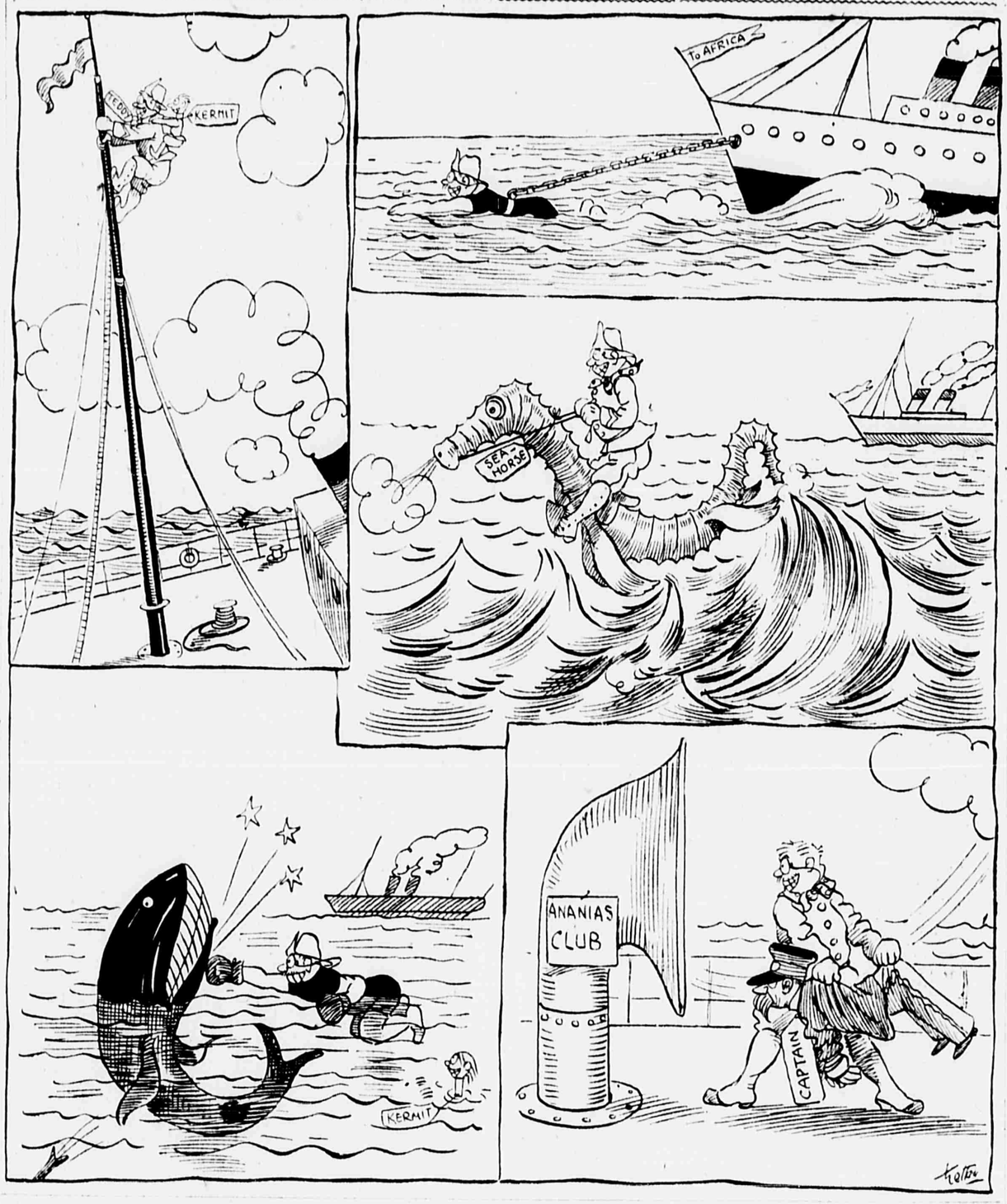
Peddling seems to be an educational vocation. Jay Gould when a young man sharpened his wits peddling rat traps. The first John Jacob Astor began peddling flutes and later furs.

Of the thousands of peddlers to-day, how many will be Starins or Astors or Goulds?

From freight clerk, Mr. Starin worked up to be freight agent. Then he made contracts with railroads to collect and distribute their freight. He took up new ideas as they came along, the freight float, the excursion barge and others. Thus he became rich. He gave a park to his native village. He would go back at least once a year to a big farm he owned in the Mohawk Valley and rest there from New York. He was an old-time American. Sixty or seventy years hence the same epitaph may be written over some other man who to-day is a peddler boy.

On the Way.

By Maurice Ketten.



Letters From the People

Foreigners and Work.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have heard a great many people say: "Look how the foreigners prosper, while we Americans are down and out." They only notice the foreigners who are 'well off,' and not those who live in the slums which they visit 'for fun.' If some people would stop thinking of their own grievances and settle down to hard work, they would, in my mind, be better off. FRED'K A. SMITH.

The Solution.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reply to the problem as to the relationship between a given prisoner and his only witness, would say that the witness having said that the prisoner's father was his (the witness') father's son, and that he (the witness) had neither brothers nor sisters, he must therefore be the only son of his father and necessarily the prisoner's father.

JOHN B. CORCORAN.

The Woes of Shaving.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

It takes me twelve minutes to shave. I have to shave every morning. Then if I am going anywhere in the evening, I have to shave again before dinner.

I do that about three times a week. That means ten shaves a week, or a spending of 120 minutes, or two hours. That is a total waste in one year of 104 hours, or exactly four days and eight hours. Isn't it silly to waste over four days a year in clearing away a beard that nature intended to protect, adorn and complete the masculine face? Moreover, my face is tender and my beard is tough. Shaving is painful to me at worst, a discomfort at best. And what do I gain by it? Not one thing except a sore, raw, unnaturally bald face. Won't sensible readers discuss this foolish custom? VICTIM.

To Superintendent of Cooper Union.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

To whom can I apply to find out what subjects are taught at Cooper Union?

A. C. B.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Am I an American citizen and entitled to vote? I am American born, but my father, a foreigner, has no citizen papers. J. B.

The Egg Problem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Referring to the egg problem of E. F. "John and Joe go out, each having a basket of eggs. John says to Joe: 'If you give me a dozen of yours we will have the same number.' But Joe doesn't. Joe says to John: 'If you give me a dozen of yours I will have twice as many as you.' How many have they?" I offer the following as the correct answer: At starting they both together had 24 eggs, Joe having 8 and John 16; for it may be seen from this that if Joe had complied with John's suggestion each would then have 12 eggs; then, on the other hand, if John had complied with Joe's suggestion, Joe would then have 8 eggs and John 40, Joe's number being twice that of John's.

Cousin Ella's Daughter, Mildred, Is Visiting the Jarrs, and Mrs. Jarr Is Now Enjoying the Role of Matchmaker

By Roy L. McCardell.

"COUSIN ELLA'S daughter Mildred is here," said Mrs. Jarr in a pleased tone, when Mr. Jarr came home the other evening.

"She's just come over for a day or two from Philadelphia. She's grown to be the sweetest girl you ever saw. Don't you remember just a year or so ago she was a little girl? Now she's a grown up young lady."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Jarr. "She's only a child yet; she's just sixteen. Young lady indeed!"

"I was married when I was but a little over seventeen," said Mrs. Jarr. "A girl, if she is well grown, is a young lady when she is sixteen, I was."

Mr. Jarr didn't dispute this. What's the use? Mrs. Jarr had been over seventeen when she married him, considerably over, but, then, it's always the way with women to tell how young they were when they married, especially if their children are growing up.

"Well," said Mr. Jarr, "it will be quite pleasant to have young people in the house. Let me see, what young girls of her age do we know?"

"Girls?" cried Mrs. Jarr, in amazement. "Do you think Mildred has come over from Philadelphia to see a lot of silly chits? I guess she knows all the young girls she wants to know. If you want to show the girl a good time when she is here, make some of your bachelor friends come around—some of the fellows from the office."

"But," answered Mr. Jarr, "there are no young fellows at the office. At least there isn't one of Mildred's age, except, possibly, the office boy."

"Office boy?" echoed Mrs. Jarr. "Who wants any office boys? Can't you telephone to some substantial unmarried men you know to come up and meet a nice girl from Philadelphia who has lots of money. Of course, Mildred hasn't lots of money, but she has beautiful clothes. Young men of to-day—I don't know what is the matter with them—but they don't seem to take any interest in a nice girl unless they think she has lots of money. I think such ideas are despicable."

"Let me see," said Mr. Jarr, ruminating. "Oh, yes, Rangle's got a nephew visiting him, or rather he's stopping with the Rangles while he's taking a course of engineering at Cooper Union. He's a very nice young fellow of about twenty-two and is anxious to get some position in the daytime, no matter how little it pays, to help him through. His people are quite poor and can't send him any money."

"Do you think that's the sort of young man Mildred wants to meet?" demanded Mrs. Jarr sharply. "The very idea! She knows enough young men who are trying to get on in the world. She wants to meet somebody who HAS got on in the world."

"Are you helping the child set a man trap when she's hardly through playing with her dolls?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"How silly you talk!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "Mildred has no idea of getting married after the example she sees around her of unhappy marriages. But if she is to meet anybody she might as well meet somebody worth while."

"Well," retorted Mr. Jarr, "the only comparatively young man I know who could support her in the style she hopes to live in, if she can capture him, is Jack Silver. But vain are the nets of the husband catcher spread in the sight of Jack Silver," added Mr. Jarr solemnly.

"We'll get him yet"— began Mrs. Jarr, but she corrected herself by saying: "What nonsense you talk! Who wants to marry that selfish old bachelor? But, really, he is a charming man to meet socially, and is so nice about taking a pretty girl to theatres and automobile riding."

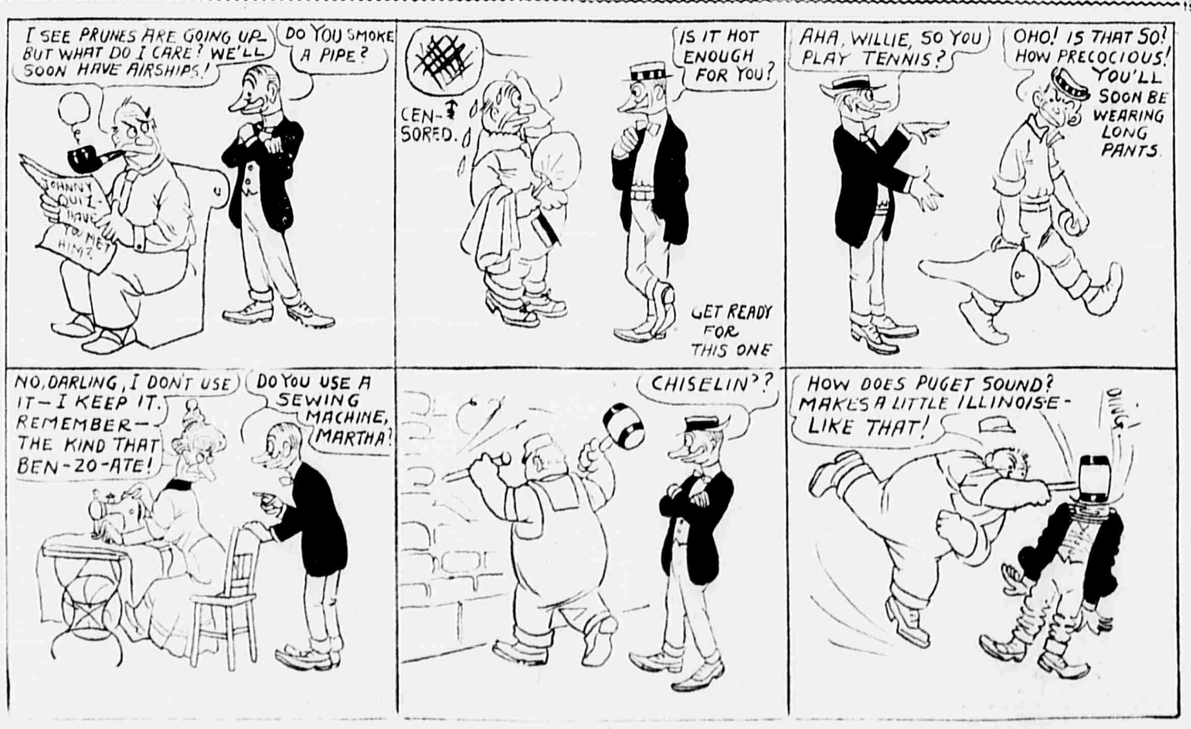
"Yes, he is a good fellow that way," said Mr. Jarr, "and wouldn't it be nice to have a little party? We could invite Clara Mudridge, too; she's a jolly girl and very good looking."

"We'll invite no other girl while Mildred is here!" said Mrs. Jarr severely. "Girls are such cats. If they see another one has made an impression on a desirable young man they do everything in their power to take him away from her. You call up Jack Silver and tell him that if he doesn't come up I'll be mad at him."

So Mr. Jarr called up the well-to-do bachelor to meet the pretty young relative, and the redoubtable Mr. Silver came, looking like ready money. Mr. Jarr planted himself in the parlor to give the young people the pleasure of his society.

"Here, you," said Mrs. Jarr, calling him out, "you go down to that saloon on the corner and play your old pinochle; don't you see you are boring the young people?"

Have You Met JOHNNY QUIZ? By F. G. Long



Fifty Historical Mysteries

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 14.—PERKIN WARBECK—King or Impostor?

IN the last decade of the fifteenth century, a youth who bore the unromantic name of Perkin Warbeck (or Osbec) announced that he was the rightful King of England. Some historians say he was an impostor. Others—the famous Carte among the number—believe his claim was just. His story is interesting. Its mystery will never be wholly cleared.

England's royal succession had, for many years, been in a hopeless tangle. King Henry VI. had been dethroned by his relative, the Duke of York, who had killed Henry's son and had seized the crown, under the title of Edward IV. Edward IV. had two sons, Edward, Prince of Wales, and Richard, Duke of York. He died while these sons were children, leaving his brother, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, to act as Regent until the elder of the boys should grow to manhood. Gloucester threw the two little princes into prison in the Tower of London; and there, according to the story, had them murdered. Then he himself mounted the throne as Richard III. His distant kinsman, Henry, Earl of Richmond, raised a revolt against him. Richard III. was killed at the battle of Bosworth, and the victorious Earl of Richmond took the crown, calling himself Henry VII.

Murdered Prince Comes to Life?

A few years later a young man known as Perkin Warbeck sprang into notoriety. He claimed to be Richard, Duke of York, the younger of the two boys whom Richard III. was supposed to have murdered in the Tower of London. He said his elder brother, Edward, had been slain by the assassins, but that his own life had been spared because of his tender years. The king's agents declared this youth was Perkin or Peterkin, the son of a Flemish merchant named Warbeck, and that he was a gross impostor incited by enemies of Henry VII. But Perkin bore a marvellous likeness to Edward VI., whose child he claimed to be, and had the manners of a prince rather than of a merchant's son.

Perkin landed in Ireland, produced the so-called proofs of his identity, called himself "Richard IV.," and asked for public support. The Irish rose enthusiastically in his behalf. Thousands flocked to his standard. Powerful noblemen from England came to see him, cross-questioned him and became convinced that he was the long-missing prince. France and England were enemies. The French king sent for Perkin and received him with royal honors. Then the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy (sister of Edward IV. and aunt of the two "little princes,") summoned Perkin to her presence. She received him with distrust, put him through a rigid examination, testing his story in a dozen ways; and ended by throwing herself into his arms and joyously acclaiming him her "well-beloved nephew, Richard." More than [illegible] came across from England and vowed allegiance to him. One of these, Sir Robert Clifford, who well remembered the young Duke Richard of York, [illegible] Perkin and Richard were the same.

By this time the young man's cause assumed tremendous importance. All over England there were [illegible] for him. Then it was that Henry VII., alarmed for the safety of his throne, began to take measures for crushing Perkin. Henry VII. had the narrow, crafty face of a fox. He was often compared to one. But the traditional cunning shrewdness of the fox was blank stupidity compared to that of Henry. He had a host of wily tricks for protecting the crown he had seized. He was a miser. But in this case he lavished money broadcast. He "bought" a number of Perkin's foremost adherents, captured others by craft, undermined the zeal of many, and won over more by diplomacy. So Perkin's promising enterprise all at once began to collapse.

The youth tried to invade the Kentish coast of England, but was repulsed. Then he went to Scotland. The Scottish King, James II., welcomed him as a fellow monarch, and gave him Lady Catherine Gordon, one of his own kinswomen, for wife. Perkin invaded England from the north with Scotch troops, but was driven back. Next he went to Cornwall, where he was received with eager loyalty. At the head of about 7,000 Cornishmen he marched toward London, but he was too late. Henry's bribes had cooled popular enthusiasm toward the invader. The country did not rise to join him. The royal troops advanced upon the little Cornish army, and Perkin fled to a monastery for protection. Under promise of pardon he surrendered later to Henry, who after making him (by torture or otherwise) sign a confession that he was an impostor, clapped him into prison. Perkin escaped, but was recaptured and loaded with humiliations. He was put in the public stocks and forced to read aloud his confession of imposture to the laughing, jeering crowds. Then in November, 1499, he was put to death—not by beheading, as was the custom when nobles were executed, but hanged like a common felon.

A Strange Confession.

So perished Perkin Warbeck—or Richard IV., uncrowned King of England—a man who might perhaps have changed the history of the world.

Missing numbers of this series may be obtained by sending a one-cent stamp, for each number required, to Circulation Department, Evening World.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

Translated By Helen Rowland.

HOW long, O my Daughter, will thou be an EASY thing, and thy drawing-room a soft spot, and thy dining-room a FREE LUNCH counter for the hangers-on? For, I charge thee, TALK is the CHEAPEST thing which a man can offer thee, and a FIRESIDE COMPANION is a thorn in the flesh!

Lo, he accounteth himself the "Ladies' Delight," and he cometh EVERY night, including Sunday, bringing honeyed words instead of Huyler's, and songs from the Sunday supplements instead of NEW music. Yet, in all the days of his life he heareth not the call of the restaurant, nor heedeth the sign of the theatre, and a taricab shall run OVER him on a rainy night before he observeth it.

Verily, verily, he shall wear a thin spot upon thy divan and shall eat from thy chafing-dish and sip the beer from thine ice-box far into the night. Yea, he shall praise thy handiwork with the fudge pan and shall keep thee "going" with fine speeches and lavish compliments.

And when summer approacheth he shall invite thee for a WALK and shall urge thee to partake of the FRESH AIR, which is free of charge; but she that lureth him into a 30-cent ice-cream treat he shall account MERCENARY. For he considereth his ATTENTIONS as good as ready money, and his idea of RECIPROCITY is a sigh for a sigh and a kiss for a kiss.

Yet he HATH his USES—for even a WORM may serve as BAIT!

Then lo, when NICE men "come around" they shall find him ADORNING thy parlor furniture. Yea, he shall fill in the spaces upon thy front doorstep and the pauses in the conversation, even as a between-seasons hat.

Behold, thou shalt find him a GOOD ADVERTISEMENT! But IS he worth the price?

Verily, verily, a constant CALLER is the social gold brick! And peradventure, my Daughter, thou hast been taken IN by many of these, but hast thou EVER been taken OUT by one of them? Selah!

Suburban Notes.

PUBLISHER William L. McLean, of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, is diligently engaged in a praiseworthy effort to have the Delaware River dredged out so that thirteen-pound shad can reach the dock at Duke Thompson's place, Gloucester, N. J., without running aground. All Philadelphia and part of New York wish him success in his endeavor.

NEARLY ALL the houses in New Brunswick, N. J., have slate roofs. The puzzle is to know how so many people came to be sensible at the same time. Munson and Brownville, Me., are slate-roof towns, but slate mining is their local industry.

THE NEW Sunday afternoon newspaper in Philadelphia saves the inhabitants the trouble of thinking what day it is.

FARMER William Dinwiddie, of Metuchen, N. J., has set up a new windmill. It is not a very lofty one, so that when the breeze is soft and low the Farmer can stand beneath its wings and blow them himself.

RUMOR has it that Mayor McClellan will become Professor of the Inverse Ratio at Princeton University when he retires from office. This will give him a chance to explain why a crab will a backward when it thinks it is going ahead.